

Ladies' War Relief Club.
Another interesting meeting of the Ladies' War Relief club was held last Friday at the court house. Much work in progress was reported. The organization of the class for instructions in Red Cross surgical dressings was reported as effected, and the class is now waiting for the necessary red tape to be completed. The club has up to this time not had a vice chairman, but on account of the chairman, Mrs. E. A. Welty, expecting to be absent for some weeks, it was found necessary to elect some one to take charge in her absence. Mrs. Charles D. Zook was unanimously selected to fill the place. The club is to be congratulated on having two such interested and energetic workers at its head.

An adjournment was taken until after Chautauqua. The next meeting will be held August 31st, at the court house, at the regular time, 2:30 p. m. There is always some interesting business to be transacted at the meetings, and every lady of Oregon and vicinity are asked to be present.

Two More Examined.
Two more were before our registration board, Monday of this week. They were: Housa Ray McDaniel, of Lewis county, this state, who failed to pass on account of being too light. Clarence Arthur Smith, of Vernon county, Missouri, was the other, and we are informed he passed with flying colors. He will ask exemption, we are informed, however, on account of support of wife, having recently been married. He is the superintendent of the Maitland schools, we are informed.

Back to First Love.
Hon. John Kennish is now back in the practice of law, and has associated with him Hugh C. Smith, and the firm will be known as Kennish & Smith. They occupy suite 402, Keith & Perry Building, Kansas City, Mo. The many friends of Mr. Kennish in this county will be glad to learn this bit of news.

A Big Deal.
W. H. Richards has closed a deal with Mrs. Virginia Taylor for the purchase of her 817 acres, north of Bigelow. It is known as the old E. A. Brown tract. Mrs. Taylor resides in Los Angeles, California. The negotiation will wind up on a basis of about \$100 per.

\$200 AT STAKE

\$200 is a reasonable estimate of the money you would lose should you attend any other business college in preference to the Jackson University, otherwise known as America's Ideal School. Investigate now. Absolute proof furnished. \$75 monthly guaranteed to our shorthand and book-keeping graduates who complete the full English course. Greatest school catalogue ever written sent free. Address, WALTER JACKSON, PRESIDENT, CHILLICOTHE, MO.

—If you want to buy some good used furniture, see Mrs. L. I. Moore. —Leo Noels, of Upper Holt, has joined the navy, and is in training at the Great Lakes.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ledgerwood, of Forbes, spent Saturday evening with Mr. and Mrs. Don Martin.

—The most labor saving thing the woman has is the Kitchen Cabinet. See the best one at the Emile's place.

—Miss Alma Judy, of Craig, has returned to her home after an enjoyable visit with her aunt, Mrs. E. A. Dunham.

—Edward Miller, Chas. Morgan, Sam and Lovell Bateman, all of Grant City, spent Sunday with Lester Pettijohn and family.

—For Sale—Pedigreed Red Polled Bulls, six to eight months old. C. A. ZACHMAN, Mound City.

—We are sorry to hear of the continued illness of Earl Benton, who is still in the hospital, struggling to recover from an operation for appendicitis.

—Cecil J. Gridley, of Mound City, has been appointed a second lieutenant, having passed a satisfactory examination at the training camp at Fort Snelling.

—Patronize my refreshment stand at the Chautauqua grounds—ice cream, soda pop, lemonade, cigars, tobacco and gum.

—Miss Anna Anderson, of Mound City, spent the past week here, visiting her niece, Mrs. Frank Zeller. From here, accompanied by her sister-in-law, Mrs. Lydia Baker, mother of Mrs. Zeller, they left last week for a visit with relatives in Centralia, Kansas.

—On Monday, the post office received the first shipment of large catalogues from a prominent mail order house. There were 25 sacks of them—375 catalogues in all. Their total weight was over 1,500 pounds, and the postage on them amounted to \$30.

—A baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Scott Hodgins, at the Sister's Hospital in St. Joseph, August 9. He declares he's a Holt countyite just the same, and Thelma says she's crazy to meet her newly arrived brother, and they will be partners from now on.

—Don Martin and wife spent Saturday night and Sunday in Forbes, the guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fields, and their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Ledgerwood. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Martin's brother, Master Clarence Fields, who will make a week's visit here.

—Aaby Greene, chief of the chemical department of Swift & Co., St. Joseph, is here on a visit with many relatives. He is away on his vacation, and left Tuesday evening for Holyoke and other Colorado points, with his father, R. L. Greene, and his uncle, Burnes, real estate dealers of this city, who took a bunch of prospectors out. He will return and finish his vacation here.

OREGON CHAUTAUQUA

AUGUST 17-23, 1917



DR. WM. TORRENCE STUCHELL.
The doctor has great oratorical ability and remarkable versatility. He is always optimistic and hopeful. You will like him.

Sunday, August 19

—Remember the Oregon Chautauqua will be held August 17 to 23, inclusive.

—The material for the comfort kits is now at my home.

MRS. E. A. WELTY.
—G. W. (Sandy) Kunkel is here from St. Joseph, visiting relatives, and if he makes the rounds he expects to be here when the snow flies.

—Meyer Post, G. A. R., will meet with T. C. Fuller, on Saturday, August 25. Wm. Morris and Ben Morgan are to look after the transportation.

—J. J. Garner is back from Larned, Kansas, to see the folks for a while; then he says he may go back, but he says he won't be in any hurry about it.

—Will Bragg, wife and son, Paul, spent the week over at Long Pine, Nebraska, enjoying a visit with her brother, Fred Watson. They expect to be home Saturday.

—Rev. A. D. Seelig, who has had the Humboldt, Nebraska, Presbyterian charge for several years, has been called to the charge at Savannah, and will begin his work there about September 15th.

—Walker Vogan, of Idalia, Colorado, is here on a visit with relatives and old-time friends. He says Colorado is doing her bit toward feeding the world, for they have fine crops of everything they grow.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian Church will have a Food Sale on Saturday morning, August 18, at Moore & Springer's store. Cakes, Pies and other things for Sunday dinner.

—Mrs. Daniel Kunkel's condition is not materially improved the past week. She is still at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Elwood L. McDonald, in St. Joseph. Dr. Thatcher was called to see her Tuesday.

—The American Institute of Homeopathy has tendered its services to the government, and will establish four base hospitals on the government's acceptance. Dr. Thatcher, of this city, has tendered his services and expects to be called into service at any time.

—Our sister city of Forbes became electric lighted yesterday, Thursday, August 16, the St. Joseph Transmission company making their connection during Thursday some time. Never mind; be patient, and it may be that Oregon will become electric lighted in the sweet by and by.

—We are truly grieved to learn of the alarming condition of Mrs. A. H. Jeffrey, at her home near Forest City. Mrs. Jeffrey, while visiting at Hillsboro, Iowa, received a stroke of apoplexy on August 5th, and on the 7th was brought to her home, and is now in an unconscious condition.

—Mrs. Jeffrey died Wednesday morning, August 15, and the funeral will be held at 3:30 p. m., today, Thursday, from the M. E. church, in Oregon.

—Frank Welch, of Lawrence, Kansas; Mrs. Lulu Welton, of Omaha, Neb.; Lloyd Welch and wife, Miss Helen Goosby, Charles Tucker and wife, of Elwood, Kansas, and Ernest Long, of St. Joseph, accompanied by Steve Hayes and Ollie Huffnacher, of Oregon, drove up from St. Joseph, Sunday morning, in a car, and visited here during the day, the guests of Steve Hayes and wife and Jabara Welton and wife. Mrs. Lulu Welton, of Omaha, who was in the crowd, is the mother of Jabara Welton. They had all been to Elwood to see Mrs. Lillie McFadden, who is dangerously sick. At some time in their lives all of this bunch had resided here in Oregon.

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Striking First

By ELINOR MARSH

Tom Barnes received a note from his fiancée, Lucy Edmonds, asking him to call upon her. There was nothing in the note except the bare request, and instead of being signed "your loving Lucy" it was simply "Lucy." Tom had noticed a coolness of late on the part of his fiancée's parents and had a foreboding that he was summoned to receive a dismissal. He took time enough before answering the summons to prepare himself for the ordeal. After much thought he resolved that if he must be stilled he would stab first. The principle of the superiority of an initial force is as true in the game of love as in war. So on meeting Lucy, without giving her time to say a word he spoke himself:

"Well, who is the party who is to take my place?"

"That's very unkind,"

"What's unkind, throwing me over? Would you have written me that cold blooded note for any other purpose?"

"Worse and worse. Cold blooded note! What was there cold blooded about it?"

"Let us not waste words. Since I know why you have sent for me, you need not explain. I come, firstly, in obedience to your summons; secondly, for a purpose of my own."

Tom's assuming the upper hand in the matter had its effect on Lucy. What she had to say to him was really from her mother, not from herself.

"What is it?" she asked in a low voice, in which there was a suggestion of tremor.

"To ask the question I propounded when I entered. Who is the party that is to take my place?"

Lucy made no reply for awhile. She sat with her eyes cast down to the betrothal ring which Tom had given her. It was on the third finger of her left hand, and she was turning it as though it troubled her. Thoughts, regrets, duty, indecision were coursing through her brain like water through a sluice.

"I've asked you a simple question," Tom added. "It calls only for a simple answer."

Mrs. Edmonds, who had worked her daughter up to do her bidding, had foreseen that if Lucy gave the name of the new suitor Tom would probably riddle him and thus undo all that had been done, so she had enjoined upon her child that if Tom suspected her was thrown over for another he was not to be told who that other was.

"Mother has very justly said that you would naturally be prejudiced,"

"I did not ask what mother says. I asked you for the name of the man who is to take my place."

Whether it was through obedience or that Lucy shrank from an admission that she had been supplanted, she could not bring herself to make it. After trying various methods to get it out of her Tom wrote a dozen names on a slip of paper, showed them to her and asked her if the name of the other man was among them. Lucy ran down the list till she came to Legrand Atwood, when the expression changed. Tom's eyes were fixed upon her, and he saw that he had got the secret.

"That'll do," he said, tearing up the paper. "This name has been concealed from me by your mother's orders because she does not consider me a proper person to criticize the man she approves instead of me. I will not honor the party by considering him a rival for your love. But your mother is right in assuming that from my position toward you I am not a competent witness against a man who has done me. I have but one request to make of you."

"What is it?" said Lucy in an almost inaudible voice.

"That you take no definite action with regard to Mr. Atwood for one month from today."

Lucy made the desired promise, and Tom's manner changed toward her at once. When he left her he assumed the pose of a lover's privileges, simply pressing her hand. Lucy begged him to tell her how he had hit on Mr. Atwood. She had met him during a visit to another city and was not aware that Tom had ever heard of him. Tom declined for the present to gratify her curiosity.

Lucy pined for Tom for two weeks, when the status was suddenly changed. Mr. Atwood was arrested for misuse of the mails, the charge being that he had sent circulars and received moneys for investments in a fictitious company.

Lucy at once sent for Tom. This time her note began, "Dearest Tom," and ended, "Your loving Lucy." Tom answered the summons at once.

"Did you know anything about this?" she hesitated.

"Rascal!" supplied Tom. "I did. I heard through a chum of mine that during your visit to A. he was endeavoring to be attentive to you; that he was lavish in his expenditures and was under suspicion. When I parted from you recently I made inquiries and found that several persons whom he had swindled were getting after him. I then simply waited for what has occurred."

"It was very unkind of you not to tell me of your suspicions," said Lucy, pointing.

"You mean that it was unkind of me not to tell your mother of them through you," was the smiling reply.

That was the end of the opposition to Tom as a husband for Lucy, and they were married.

TABLES OF DIGESTIBLE NUTRIENTS AND ENERGY VALUES

Compiled From Henry & Morrison, 1915 Edition, Massachusetts 1911 Annual Report, Pennsylvania Bulletin 114.

[National Crop Improvement Service.]
d—Armstrong Corrections.
k—Kellner.

Digestible Total		Pro-Nutri-Therm	
Kind of Feed	tein	ment	Energy
Corn Meal (dry)...	6.9	83.8	d76.6
Corn & Cob Meal...	6.1	78.1	d65.2
Hominy Meal...	6.3	83.	d87.6
Gluten Feed...	21.6	80.7	(d68.2)
Gluten Meal...	31.7	80.	74.9
Corn Bran...	5.8	75.1	...
Wheat...	9.2	80.1	82.6
Red Dog Flour...	14.8	79.2	...
Flour Mid...	15.7	78.2	77.6
Standard Mid...	13.4	69.3	57.6
Wheat Bran...	12.5	60.9	d52.5
Wheat Mix. Feed...	12.9	67.	...
Oats...	9.7	70.4	66.2
Barley...	9.	79.4	(d72.6)
Malt Sprouts...	20.3	70.6	46.3
Brewers' Grains...	18.7	63.6	60.
Barley...	8.1	63.4	...
Barley Mid...	24.6	76.6	75.9
Cottonseed Meal...	33.9	75.6	73.7
Cottonseed Hulls...	3	27.	15.
Lanseed Oil Meal...	20.2	77.9	78.9
Beet Pulp—dried...	4.6	71.6	60.
Corn Dist. Grains...	16.2	67.6	57.5
Rye...	9.9	81.	...
Rye Dist. Grains...	8.4	48.1	43.2

CORN FODDER		HAYS	
Feed, med. dry...	3.1	53.7	d39.5
Fodder, wet...	2.2	39.9	24.
Stover, med. dry...	2.1	46.1	32.5
Stover, wet...	1.4	33.9	24.18

TIMOTHY		ALFALFA	
Timothy Hay...	3.	48.5	d41.9
Alfalfa...	10.6	51.6	d39.4
Red Clover...	7.6	50.9	d39.93
Clover & Tim. Mxd.	4.	46.2	40.6

GREEN GRASSES		ROOTS AND SILAGE	
Alfalfa...	3.	14.6	12.45
Red Clover...	2.7	17.1	16.17
Mixed Hay...	2.2	17.7	...
Timothy...	1.5	22.2	19.08

SUGAR BEET		POTATOES	
Sugar Beet...	1.2	14.	k16.9
Potatoes...	1.1	17.1	18.95
Butabaga...	1.	9.4	8.
Mangels...	1.	7.4	4.62
Silage...	1.1	17.7	16.56

STRAW SHOULD BE SPREAD.

[National Crop Improvement Service.]
The feeding value of straw being comparatively low, and the fertilizing value being high, all straw should be spread upon the fields and not burned or wasted. The use of straw to prevent winter-killing of wheat is now well established.

THE DAIRY RATION

Feeding Tables Hard to Follow on Account of Variation of Ingredients.

[National Crop Improvement Service.]
For many years feeders have endeavored to use so-called standard tables showing the theoretical number of pounds each of so-called digestible protein, fats and carbohydrates. These methods are fatally defective for the following reasons:

First, the tables call for so much digestible food. If there was such a thing as digestible food it might furnish a basis to go by, but digestible food is really apparently digestible food, in that it disappears in the body. Just what use is made of it is not always clear. Some of it turns into gas, some is converted into heat, and much of it is used in the labor of digesting and handling the food. In the case of straw and similar material, nearly all of its energy is used up in the labor of digesting it, leaving little or no net gain. Straw should be returned to the soil. Take two samples of dried barley grains, each containing the same amount of digestible food, and one will give twenty more therms or heat units than the other.

One hundred pounds of digestible food derived from roughage is about equal to eighty pounds derived from grain, so if we add together things which are unlike, we get no tangible results. It is like adding so many pounds to so many gallons. So, the digestible basis of figuring rations is very inaccurate. The correct way is, first, to ascertain how much protein and energy a cow needs to sustain life and keep weight. You can get this from your experiment station, and ascertain how much is necessary to make one pound of milk of a certain fat test, and then feed her as much protein and energy as is needed to maintain her and supply food for as many pounds of milk as she can make.

This is a very difficult problem and few can do it, and we challenge any two men to tackle the same problem under the same conditions and arrive at the same result.

We cannot tell unless we try to find out, that a cow will not give more milk on more feed, or maybe as much milk on less feed. So feeding is largely experimental, as no two cows are alike.

However, the law of averages will hold, and the feeder can save all this trouble and much loss by feeding a ration which his experiment station has in most cases made, say three to four pounds of milk for each pound of mixed feed.

There is one thing certain. The more solids and fat in the milk, the more feed needed per pound of milk. So, a good mixed feed which is properly combined and all the roughage she will eat will greatly simplify your feeding problem and a very little experimenting will soon show you how much concentrates each cow needs to produce a maximum yield.

A PICTURE PLAYWRIGHT

By F. A. MITCHEL

One morning a man bearing a passport signifying that he was a citizen of Holland appeared in the rear of the German lines and asked permission to go through into Belgium. He was taken before Colonel Diedrich, who was charged with the examination of those desiring to pass out of Germany to discover if they bore any information that the government would not care to have carried out of the country.

The traveler—Van Gansboch—was the name entered on his passport—was led to the quarters of the colonel, carrying a suit case, his only baggage.

"Open it," said the officer, pointing to the suit case.

Van Gansboch laid open the case, and the colonel directed a soldier to dump the contents on a table. This done, the colonel drew a chair near the pile and, taking up each article it contained, scrutinized it minutely. There were some linen, brushes and combs and other toilet articles. These he laid aside and, coming to a roll of manuscript, pounced upon it suspiciously.

"What is this?" he asked, removing it from the envelope containing it.

"A scenario for a picture play,"

The colonel turned over one page after another, not reading them, but looking for what might indicate matter covering information of the German situation.

"What are these drawings?" he asked.

"Suggestions for scenery to be produced in the play," was the reply.

"What is this—a Zeppelin?"

"No, colonel; that is intended to represent a cloud."

"H'm; you Dutchmen know nothing about art."

"I don't pretend to be an artist. As I have told you, colonel, these are merely suggestions. They are intended to indicate to the artist what is required."

"I should think so. Well, I must read this manuscript, and I cannot do so at once, so you must wait."

"That is to be expected, only I trust that you will not keep me waiting any longer than absolutely necessary."

With this Van Gansboch was taken to a place where he was kept under guard till the next day, when he was again led to Colonel Diedrich's quarters. The colonel seemed during the interval to have thawed somewhat. His manner was more friendly.

"I did not understand yesterday," he said, "why you came to Germany to write your picture play. The theme explains it. Where could you get the material to present a play based on the Faust of the immortal Goethe except in the fatherland? Your play will be a wonder. I have read it all. That scene where Faust goes down to hell will be very impressive when photographed."

"It is intended to be vivid."

"But why do you make the principal scenes among mountains?"

"Because mountains are so much more impressive than plains."

"I see. Nothing better represents the superworld than the Jungfrau."

"Or Mont Blanc."

"Ach, Mont Blanc is killed by its French name. The Jungfrau has the proper sound. But here"—referring to one of the pictures—"is something I don't understand. It looks more like a diagram than anything else."

"It is a diagram—a diagram of the famous garden scene between Faust and Marguerite."

"You are right, colonel. I was thinking of Gounod's opera."

"Ach, Gounod was not the man to write an opera on this theme."

"It should have been Wagner."

"Yah, Wagner; the immortal Wagner!" and the colonel's eye lighted with enthusiasm.

"The picture play will have the German coloring throughout."

"That is good!"

"And the heroine will be named Gretchen."

"That is good too!"

"And Mephistopheles will be called 'der teufel'."

"That is very good!"

"Well, colonel, may I go through?"

At this the practical side of the colonel reassured itself. His enthusiastic smile subsided into a severer look, and he hesitated. Then he took the manuscript to a fireplace, separated the sheets and held them near the flame. He was testing for something written in acid that would come out when exposed to warmth. Nothing appeared, and, stepping to a case representing a miniature drug store, he applied the contents of several different bottles to the paper. Finally, being satisfied, he permitted Van Gansboch to pass through the lines with his scenario, his linen and his brushes.

No sooner had the playwright passed the lines than he began to talk Italian, eschewing the Dutch language entirely. After being closeted for some time with a French officer high in command he hurried to the south of France and thence into Italy, handing his picture play to the commander of the Italian armies. Every tenth word in it made up a message giving military information. The pictures, when explained by a key, gave numbers of men at different points and munitions of war. "The garden scene" was a manufacturing of Zeppelins, and Faust going down into hell represented the strongest Austrian position confronting the Italians.

The Boy Bushwhacker

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Two American boys, whose fathers were engaged in business in northern Mexico, were out hunting. What they were after was not rabbits or squirrels or birds. They wanted bl